

The War Cry

Easter Number

1960

"What the

BY CAPTAIN D. A. RANDA PIC



IN February, 1946, Arthur Marshall (to give him an assumed name) received an honourable discharge from the Canadian Army. He had some difficulty in finding employment and getting adjusted to civilian life. Because he had learned to like the army routine, training and discipline, he decided to re-enlist and become a "career-soldier".

The first few months were spent at the Halifax Depot where, in spite of guard duty, drill and general tasks he and his pals had plenty of time for the "wet canteen". Arthur was a godless youth—he would drink and gamble with any of the men in the barracks, and recklessly he plunged into a life of worldly pleasure.

Arthur was called into the orderly room one day and informed of his posting to a famous infantry regiment in Ontario. He returned to the barracks and announced the news. A little later "the boys" went out with him for a farewell party. There were drinks for everyone. When the party broke up, Arthur made his way, not without difficulty, to the barrack room, crossing the busy intersections, neglecting to look to the right and to the left. The subject of this story looking back, thanks God the drivers were alert and stopped, permitting an intoxicated soldier to cross, for had a car struck and killed him that night, he is convinced his soul would have been eternally lost.

The next morning, with a terrific

headache, Arthur boarded the train and sped to his destination. Before long the craving for beer was felt, and the thirsty youth searched through the cars until he found someone with a bottle in another compartment. He was half tipsy when he arrived at the station. The duty vehicle picked up his equipment and transported him to the camp, where he was assigned to a company. Arthur wanted to be a credit to his regiment and had hopes of one day becoming an N.C.O., but he was soon over-indulging again.

The syllabus for the week was varied: drill, physical training, route marches, field training, etc., but even with this busy and strenuous training programme, our "hero" spent most evenings in drinking and gambling. A number of times he had to be carried to his hut, unconscious from too much drink.

The first year in that camp, our soldier had had a number of military charges laid against him for such crimes as insubordination, drunkenness, fighting, sleeping on duty, absent without leave. Having done much time in the detention barracks, Arthur was disgusted with it all, knowing that unless he found deliverance from his sinful habits, a dishonourable discharge would eventually come his way.

He admitted that the pleasures of the world did not satisfy; he knew there was a vacuum within his heart—as someone put it, "A God-shaped blank". There was an ache

in the heart, a desire for God, but Arthur did not know what it was at the time. He wanted something or Someone to still his sinful, restless soul, and he did not know that only the risen Christ could do that. He had heard the story of the Cross and of the death of Christ for sinners, but it did not occur to him that Jesus had risen triumphant o'er the grave and that His resurrection signified that sinners could rise "in newness of life".

The way of salvation had never been clearly explained to him and he did not comprehend the fact of the new birth, and that Christ could transform him and bring an Easter morning to his soul. Although he attended church services with his family occasionally when home on leave, he had never professed religion, prayed or read the Bible, and no one ever spoke to him about his soul's need or told him that Christ was willing to come into his heart and deliver him from sin.

In the search for forgiveness and peace, Arthur was drawn by an unknown power to the Sunday evening service at the local Salvation Army corps, where he received a warm welcome and a hand-shake. The bright meeting stirred his soul. He felt condemned because he had been living as though God did not exist, and was still rejecting the Christ, who died for his sins and rose again for his justification.

The Captain, with a heart of love and compassion, delivered a frank Bible message. He stated that, "apart from Christ, there is no hope; only darkness and despair. The unsaved live in the midst of death, and there is no way out."

In his ignorance, Arthur was aware that God is to be feared and glorified. He realized, possibly for the first time, that his rebellion had brought him under God's wrath. And now he realized that, in the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, he could by faith lay hold of God, who quickens the dead and who saves from the desolation of Hell.

Arthur lacked moral courage that night and did not accept Christ, but

"Law could not do"

TORONTO, ONTARIO

promised that he would come again. Each Sunday evening he attended the meeting and came under strong conviction. He was afraid that if he surrendered his life to Christ he could not hold out, not realizing that it was the power of Christ that keeps a man, and not his own strength.

However, after each service, Arthur became more conscious of the risen, living Lord in the midst of His people. After the meeting he would leave the hall and walk to the camp in agony of soul. The Holy Spirit was convicting "of sin, righteousness and judgment to come". Finally, the Spirit revealed the Living Christ to his heart as never before and Arthur quickly made his way to the mercy-seat and opened his soul to Christ, receiving a new life in Christ.

He returned to the barracks that night, praising His Lord and overjoyed at the realization that Christ was living in his heart and rejoicing in the fact of His resurrection and mighty power to save. At the camp-gate Arthur handed in his pass and went to his room, realizing he must confess Christ to the men in his regiment.

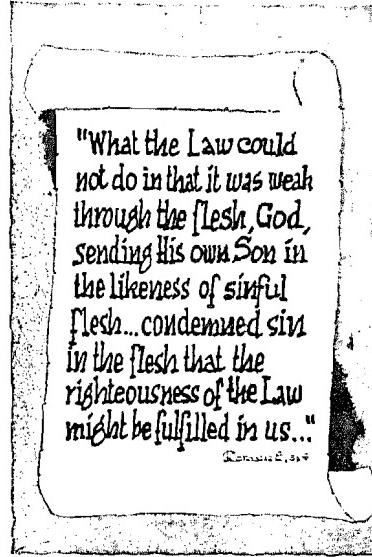
He knelt at his cot that night and tried to pray, but his mind was too agitated to think clearly. Nevertheless, he had shown his colours and no remark was made until the morning. While cleaning his rifle, he heard some of the men at the end of the room say, "Arthur must have gone religious." His subsequent life made them realize his conversion was genuine, and not a temporary affair.

Some happy times were held in that old hut when the convert began to read his Bible aloud. Often question and answer periods were engaged in. The Bible became his guide, chart and compass.

Arthur remained in the Canadian Army for another five years after his conversion, and God used him again and again to lead a number of his "buddies" into this Easter experience. Some of his chums wanted what he had found, discovered the truth about Easter and

experienced Christ's resurrection power. Promotion came. Arthur was made corporal and later sergeant. A posting to Germany came with the last-named promotion and, while in Germany with the 27th Brigade, Arthur was glad to link up with the Red Shield work carried on there by Canadian Salvationists. The meetings conducted by the officers helped him to maintain his spiritual experience. He also took up Bible correspondence courses with The Salvation Army in Canada, and this developed his knowledge and ability. Finally he felt led to devote his life to full-time service in The Salvation Army.

For more than five years Arthur has been instructing men not how to fight physically but to be soldiers of the Cross. He has had the joy of leading many, old and young alike, to the One who burst the bonds of death and is alive and here with us today, to guide us through life and take us to Heaven. Each day Arthur experiences a

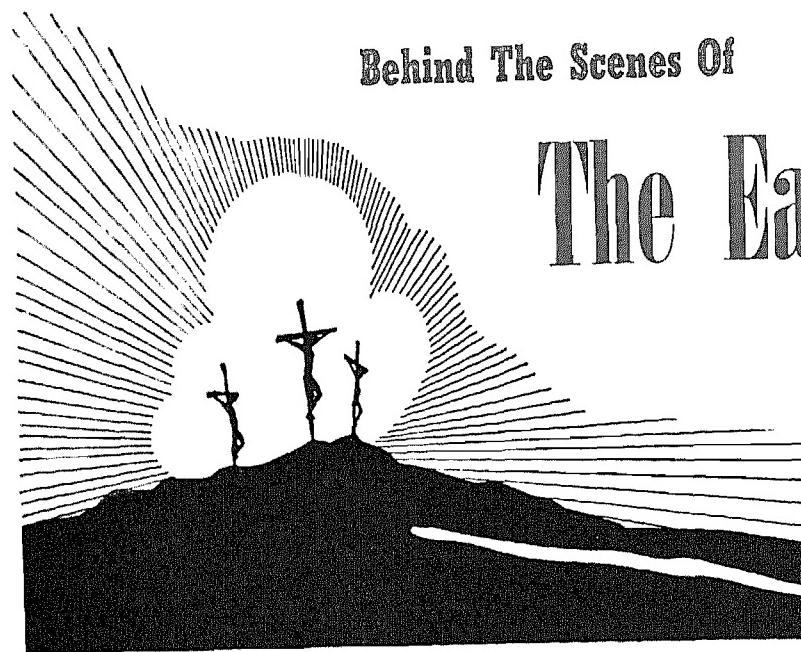


resurrection day and, after these years of serving his Master, he believes with all his heart in the resurrection of Christ from the dead. This new life of his within testifies that Christ arose.

Reader, if you do not know Christ as Lord, won't you let Easter happen to you? Hear and accept His words, "I am the resurrection and the life . . ." And again, "Because I live, ye shall live also". Jesus Christ is alive for evermore!



ARTHUR went through the train until he found a boon companion with a bottle.



Behind The Scenes Of

The Easter Story

a crowd of those who lived close to Jesus turn up?

The Gospel writers do not even describe in the same words what was seen. Matthew speaks of an earthquake which rolled away the stone. He was writing his Gospel to Jews, often notoriously sceptical. Perhaps he wanted to make the miracle of the resurrection seem more reasonable. We are always meeting folk who want to "water down" miracles by so-called reasonable scientific explanations, when it is the miracles of our lives that have made the highlights! Is there not something in the thought that things that could not possibly have happened to you by your own efforts, have taken place; and was not that fact, to you, a miracle?

Matthew also speaks of the plot by the guard to admit their own fault of sleeping while the Body was

ANOTHER beautiful conception of the Easter story has been chosen as the frontispiece of the special edition of *The War Cry* this year, and I think you will agree with me that the artist, Geo. Hinke, has well portrayed the Risen Christ and the adoring Mary. The suggestion of the tomb, and the angelic light, brings the whole main picture before us.

The story of Easter is given in each of the four Gospels, and there are minor differences in each account. This can scarcely be otherwise, seeing they are written by widely diverse people, at different times, and for varying purposes. So it is with any records of history. Can one imagine more differing accounts of the Second World War than those which have been, or could be, written by Sir Winston Churchill, President Eisenhower, Generals Montgomery or Alanbrooke, or German and Russian writers? The facts remain the same, but the presentation depends on the outlook of the writer.

One of the proofs of the Holy Spirit's inspiration of the Bible is that the important facts, though the recording of them is different, all correlate. So with the Easter story. The things that are not quite alike are really in the background, and do not affect at all the glorious miracle of the resurrection, which was proved so effectively by the post-Easter stories that are recorded.

Amongst the non-agreeing details is the time. Matthew says "As it

began to dawn"; Mark, "Very early in the morning". Luke also agrees that it was "Very early", but John says, "When it was yet dark".

What an interesting picture is conjured up! There must have been women in several houses that Easter morning rising quietly in the darkness, lighting the wicks of their open lamps, hastily donning robes and picking up their prepared

**By The Territorial Commander
COMMISSIONER W. WYCLIFFE BOOTH**

spices, then treading the well-known path under the light of the stars, sorrowing till, far in the east, the glimmering of light gave them the ever-recurring promise of dawn.

Who were these women? There is no doubt that Mary Magdalene was there, for all the Gospels mention her by name. Matthew includes "the other Mary". Mark is more explicit and says "Mary, the Mother of James". Luke, who was not one of the original twelve, and who wrote his Gospel later from hearsay, also mentions "Mary, the mother of James", whereas John is thought to have inferred that there were two women of the name of "Mary".

We would certainly not be unreasonable if we pictured several other women there. For the purpose of attending such a wonderful "knee-drill", even though they expected it to be in sorrow, would not

stolen. He was a brave man to put on parchment such an account!

Only John mentions the incident of the Gardener and Mary (John 20: 14-17). John himself was, of course, not there, as he was with the disciples to whom Mary was sent by Jesus, but how probable it is that Mary would have whispered to him of her mistaking Jesus for the gardener.

But the main fact is, hallelujah, that the miracle *did* happen—that Jesus *did* come back to life, and was seen "of many witnesses". But, reader, how has it affected *your* life? If you have not yet "risen to newness of life"—as Paul puts it—Christ's dying and rising again has been in vain. Seek Him earnestly NOW, and experience that miracle of transformation that so many have found. Then this will be a joyous Easter indeed!

The Convict-Carver's Choice

A GROUP of prisoners on Devil's Island in 1951 wanted to express their gratitude to Commissioner C. Péan. He was the Salvation Army officer who had worked on their behalf for years, and whose efforts were largely responsible for the island being ultimately closed as a penal settlement.

One of them—they called him "The Sailor"—suggested that a figure of Christ should be carved by Arnaud, one of their number, who was an artist and a wood-carver. All agreed.

The trouble was that Arnaud had no idea what Christ had looked like. He had never read the New Testament and knew nothing of it.

But "The Sailor" was not beaten. "Why not copy the face of 'The Innocent'?" he said.

"L'Innocent" was the name given to a man serving a twenty years' sentence for a crime he consistently claimed he had not committed. He was gracious, gentle and had suf-

Now the surprising thing is that Christ claimed to be both humble and sinless without offence. He was and is universally recognized as a man of perfect character. "I am meek and lowly in heart," He said. When He threw out the challenge to a belligerent crowd, "Which of you convinceth Me of sin?" there was silence. Yet we are not surprised.

The simple explanation is that He was obviously what He claimed. Neither His friends, who lived with Him on the most intimate terms for three years, nor His enemies, could place a finger on one character flaw. Two thousand years of enlightened scrutiny finds Him vindicated still.

That is why the Apostle Paul could say, "For God caused Christ, who Himself knew nothing of sin, actually to be sin for our sakes." Granted, such words appear to be a little puzzling. But are they? Does not love always bear the sin, the suffering, of the beloved? Any

WITHOUT ANY PICTURE OR KNOWLEDGE OF THE LIKENESS OF JESUS, THE CONVICT DECIDED TO USE, AS A MODEL FOR HIS CARVING, THE FACE OF A MAN WHOSE EXPRESSION BORE OUT HIS ASSERTION THAT HE WAS INNOCENT.

fered excruciatingly. The prisoners on Devil's Island agreed that he was just the man.

So Arnaud set to work. What you see on the right is a picture of the carving presented to Commissioner Péan, that hangs in his office in Paris, where he continues to serve as a Salvation Army officer.

It is hardly surprising that the idea of "The Innocent" should be associated with Christ. He claimed that for Himself.

We all detest the man who is humble and proud of it; who hides his pride behind a veil of ostentatious modesty. His claim to humility is as artificial as it is nauseating. Treat him as the lowly man he insists he is and see what happens!

But if we cannot stomach such a person it is even more difficult to tolerate the self-assertive boaster. Without shame or embarrassment, he parades his supposed achievements and welcomes the acclamation of all, even of the unscrupulous sycophant.



A PHOTOGRAPH of the wood-carving of the head of Christ, made by a former prisoner of Devil's Island.

Quietly lift up your heart to God and, with childlike simplicity, accept the forgiveness and character transformation that Christ's sacrifice on the Cross makes possible.—*The War Cry, London.*

RESURRECTION

THE day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad:
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light:
And, listening to his accents
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail!" and hearing,
May raise the victor-strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein:
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

—John of Damascus (A.D. 750)

When Eyes Met

BY SECOND-LIEUTENANT MAXWELL RYAN,
SYDNEY MINES, N.S.



THE night was chilly and the soldiers muttered as they stumbled into the hall.

"Such foolishness; all this fuss over that fellow from Galilee, and He wasn't even armed. Why I could have taken Him by myself," said the biggest fellow.

"Well, let's light a fire anyway," grunted another.

As they set about kindling the sticks of wood that were nearby, in the darkness, Peter, the disciple who had sworn to defend Jesus to the death, came slinking up.

Mingling with those around the circle of warmth Peter began to feel more sure of himself. He even dared to lift his head and look around. But his momentary confidence was shattered by the sharp voice of a young serving girl who came by. For some time she had been staring intently at him. "This fellow was also with Him!" she cried.

With the blood rushing to his head, and his heart pounding, Peter's only thought was for his immediate safety and he quickly answered, "Woman, I don't even know Him!"

Attention moved to other things and, warmed by the now blazing fire, Peter soon forgot his danger until another voice, this time, that of a man, spoke directly to Peter, "You're one of this Man's followers!"

With a flash of hot energy and a curse Peter violently said, "You're crazy! I am not!"

An hour or so passed, during which time the Son of God was being submitted to crooked court procedure. Why did Peter remain at the fire? All the others had fled. Was he, in his heart, remembering what he had said to Jesus—that he would follow Him to the death?

Was he even now planning some rash deed to rescue His Master? We know not, for any thoughts he might have had were suddenly cut off by the sensation that he was being stared at. A man's voice, full of confidence was saying, "This fellow was with Him! Even his country accent tells that he, too, is from Galilee."

Peter, jumping up, red-faced and stammering, amid curses that had not sullied his lips for over three years, shouted, "I don't even know what you are talking about, I don't even know the man!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when, in the distance he heard a rooster herald the approach of dawn with a crow that could clearly be heard in the sudden silence that followed Peter's passionate outburst. At that precise moment Jesus was being led past the fire. Peter, lifting his head, met the steady gaze of Christ. Suddenly, he remembered the words of the Lord in the upper room. "Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice!"

Remorse swept in like a flood and, turning, Peter ran into the grey dawn of the early morning—away from the fire; away from his Lord; away from those steady eyes, sobbing bitterly. To think that he had said, "I do not know the man", and to think that Jesus had heard him!

Peter spoke more truly than he realized when he said that he did not know the Man, for, truly, he did not know Jesus. Previously, our Lord had tested Peter by these words, "Can you drink of the cup that I am going to drink of?" and Peter was there with an instant "Yes"! Yet, in spite of all these promises, when the time of testing came, Peter's courage was nonexistent. But only a few weeks later, when the Holy Spirit had taken control and filled him, he spoke boldly for Jesus. He had really learned to know Him.

I do not want you to pity Peter. Instead, imagine that your name is Peter and picture yourself under

pressure. Go to a social function where a choice has to be made, whether to follow the majority and forget principles, or to stand up for them and Christ. The temptation is very real to say—in effect—"I never knew the Man."

It is relatively easy for anyone to confess Christ when in a place of worship, surrounded by fellow-members and in a reverent atmosphere. However, remove the reverent atmosphere and substitute the curses of fellow-workers, the bustle of business life, the petty irritations of life; leave your comrades and speak to that man who has not been to a place of worship for years and cares nothing for religion. Will you, like Peter say, "I never knew the Man"?

Some day Christ is coming back to judge the world, and each of us will have to admit to God whether or not we know His son. If on earth we "never knew the Man", Christ will have to say that He has never known us. Christ died not only to save, but to give us courage to admit that we do know Him. Like Peter, when filled with the Holy Ghost, you will be able to admit without shame that you know Christ, that He rules your life.

THE WAR CRY

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THE WAR CRY

A Canadian Corps Officer tells of

Joey's Disturbed Sleep

HEAVENLY Father, we ask Thee to bless our open-air meeting this morning. May the Easter message find a lodging-place in some heart. This we pray in the name of Jesus. Amen."

The voice rang out clearly in the early morning air. A young man, in a blue uniform, stepped into the centre of the ring and, lifting his voice, lined out the familiar words of Easter hope and joy:

"Low in the grave He lay,
Jesus my Saviour;
Waiting the coming day,
Jesus my Lord."

The melodious music of the band, as it took up the strain, was carried by the breeze down the slumbering streets, along the lanes, across the park—a message of hope telling of the eternal spring-time of the soul; the resurrection chorale!

A huddled figure, lying on a dew-covered park-bench, stirred restlessly in his sleep, then gradually came to life, bringing to view a tousled head and a sleepy visage, now wearing an expression of extreme annoyance. The town clock struck 7.30 a.m., the solemn notes pealing through the gray dawn that was giving place to the brave new sunlight. "Wish they'd keep quiet; won't even let a man sleep peacefully. What're they out so early for, anyway? (A yawn and a stretch.)

"... vainly they watch His bed,
Jesus my Saviour . . ."

The words of the song floated gently to Joey, to give the vagrant a name. Easter! So that's why the Army was out so early this morning! Today is Easter! The look of

annoyance faded, giving place to a faraway gaze of recollection. Unconsciously, the man's lips framed the words, following the music of the band . . . "Up from the grave He arose, with a mighty triumph o'er His foes . . ."

When was the last time he had heard those words? Oh, yes! back home, at that little Army hall on the corner! He recalled the young woman officer who had asked him to come to the Sunday school that day—why, that was Easter Sunday also! They had sung the very song the band was now playing. Then there was the story about a Man who died on a cross for everyone's sins. One thing the wanderer could never understand was that this Man was supposed to have come back to life! After the story, a chocolate Easter egg was given him as he went out the door. He thought he had forgotten all about it—a trivial episode in his aimless life.

Food! His stomach suddenly reminded him that it had been empty for many hours. The uniformed Salvationists were silent, their heads were bowed as one of their number prayed. Then the group scattered, and formed again, this time into formation for the march back to the hall—all except one bandsman; he had spied the man, and was coming over to the park-bench.

"Good morning friend! We hope you have enjoyed our service. We're going back to the hall for the Easter breakfast. Perhaps you'd like to come with us?"

Breakfast! The word sounded like music to his ears. DID he want to



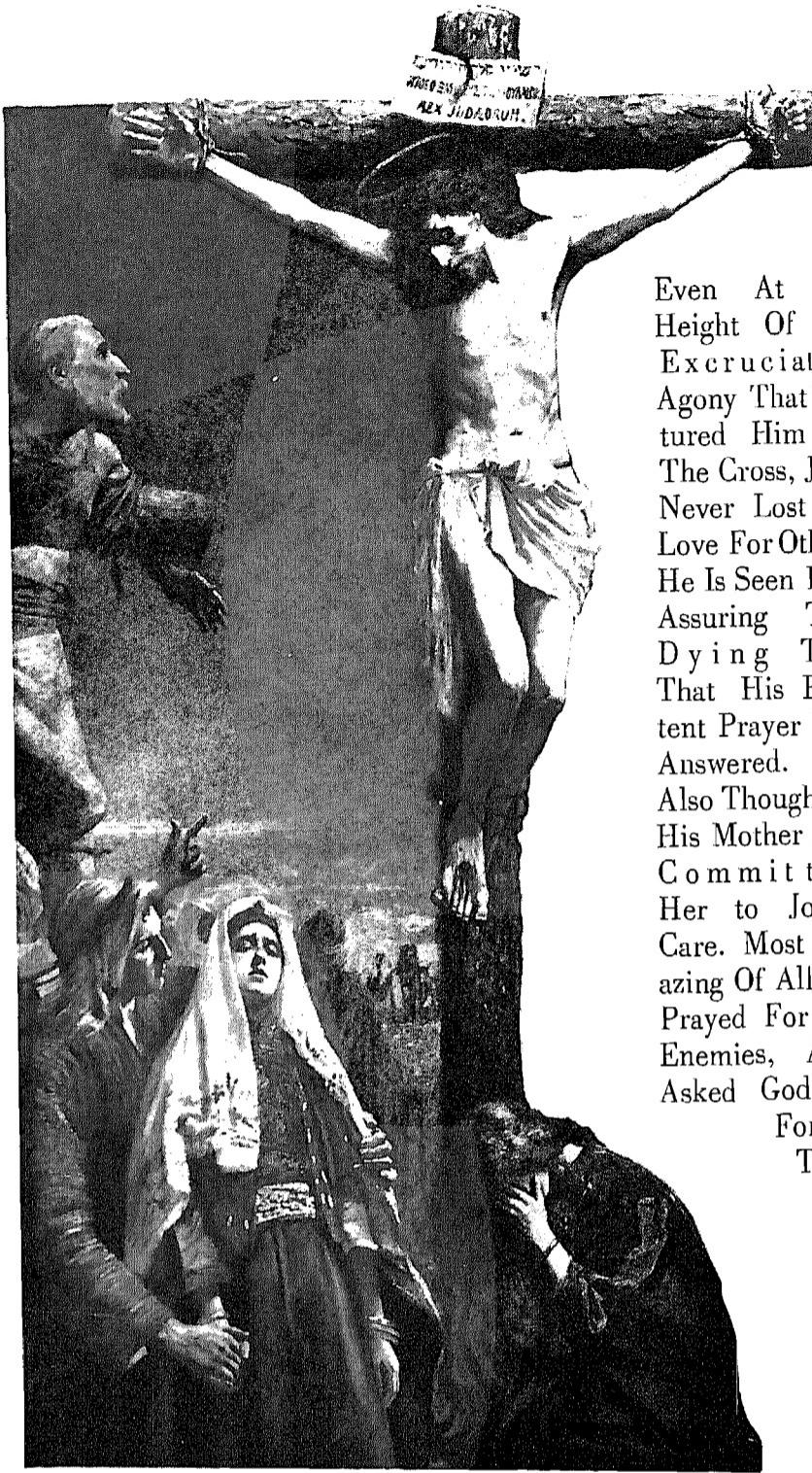
go? "Thanks! Uh, yes—why sure, I'll go."

About an hour later, the wayfarer was sitting warm, and relaxed beside the bandsman who had invited him to breakfast. The officer was speaking. He was talking about Christ who had died, and even though He had died, He was living today. "We shall not really die. If we are saved there is no death for us as Christians. Sin can be taken from our lives and, because He lives, we too can truly have a resurrection in our souls."

The scene in the little Army hall, back in his home town, came flooding back into Joey's mind. The story he had heard in the Sunday school was the same story that the officer was now telling. Maybe there was something to this stuff about being saved.

"His blood can make the vilest clean, His blood avails for me," was the chorus they were singing in the prayer meeting later that day, when Joey decided to accept Christ. He knew his past, he realized his sin, and he wanted God's forgiveness and cleansing power; he wanted to have God with him in the future. He had had enough Easters that were really not Easter. He wanted to find something real. And that morning, Joey's soul emerged from the tomb of sin and selfishness to the glorious light of Christ. He had risen to a new life! No more would he waste his days in idle wandering; a "new creation in Christ Jesus." Hallelujah!—M.R.

THEY COU



Even At The Height Of The Excruciating Agony That Tortured Him On The Cross, Jesus Never Lost His Love For Others. He Is Seen Here Assuring The Dying Thief That His Penitent Prayer Was Answered. He Also Thought Of His Mother And Committed Her To John's Care. Most Amazing Of All, He Prayed For His Enemies, And Asked God To Forgive Them

Him as being unbeaten by depression. Men's failures to respond to His outgoing spirit did not swerve Him from His eternal purpose. Men might again and again disappoint Him, but love for His Father's will, as well as love for man, held Him fast to His determination to win them by love in the end.

How early in life the Master was faced with disappointment we can detect even in the piping treble of the child voice when His parents failed to understand His nature and His words as they confronted Him sitting with the doctors in the temple. "Wist ye not

By The Salvation General

that I must be about My Father's business?" expressed sorrow and impatience, as one might suppose. All through His life, right up to the hours when He neared the cross and when those who had professed loyalty "forsook Him and fled," disappointment fell like a shadow on the darkening way that He trod.

The story of the rich young ruler who could not respond to the love He had himself evoked, is no isolated incident. Who can measure the disappointment to be discerned in the Saviour's voice when nine out of ten of those He had healed had no word of gratitude or even acknowledgment of the inestimable blessing He had given?

We are apt to be superior, if censorious, when we consider the privileges of Jerusalem and know the people's rejection of Christ moved Him to sorrow over the city. When He exclaimed, "O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! . . . How often would I have gathered thy children together . . . aye would not!" what was it but the cry of great and bitter disappointment?

But are the cities of the world a more kind to Him today? And may we not all share the shame of Jerusalem? For though in the Holy City men hanged Him on a tree,

When Jesus came to Birmingham they simply passed Him by,

FEW SORROWS are greater than those of disappointed love, and the greater the love, the greater the heartache when disappointment comes.

Viewed in this light, the earthly life of Christ, as revealed in the Gospels, was filled with disappointment. His love often was unrequited. Never shall we be able to enter fully into the feel-

ings of this Man of Sorrows—especially those inner sufferings that are more poignant than physical pain—though little imagination is required to appreciate the terrible significance of such words as John recorded: "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." Here was disappointment at its bitterest!

Yet the record of Jesus' life shows

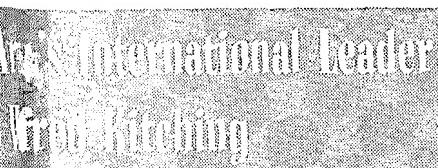
D NOT KILL LOVE

They never hurt a hair of Him, they only let Him die . . .

They only just passed down the street, and left Him in the rain.

The religious authorities, who should have hailed Christ's coming with gladness, were prejudiced, viewing Him with suspicion and open hostility. Even His own brethren sought to swerve Him from His mission. All these attitudes occasioned Him disappointment.

The last hours before His trial were marred by the weakness of disciples who failed to keep watch with Him. What a bitter blow it was when be-



trayal came from one who had received nothing but kindness from His hand. "Just for a handful of silver he left us." And the denial of Peter—the Peter who had promised so much and to whom such insights had been granted as he had made His great confession—added greatly to the sum total of disappointment and maybe was among the greatest that the Saviour had to bear.

But these occasions for disappointment, and many more, never quelled Jesus' ardor. They never made Him cynical. They did nothing to diminish the intensity of His passion or to make Him careless or callous. Men cannot kill love though they ignominiously thrust the Lover out! "Having loved His own . . . He loved them to the end."

There was always something greater than disappointment in Jesus' spirit. Men did not know how much His Father loved them.

But O! that Sacred Heart rushed out to them

In veriest anguish and in veriest bliss,

Demanding, craving, in sure hope of them,

"Father, forgive, they know not what they do."

Love will always triumph over the keenest frustration. Love is proof

**His Rising Again
Proves That Love
Can Never Be
Destroyed.**



against all things. And when the spirit is clad with the protective armour of love, the most keen and persistent disappointment cannot penetrate or prevail. Love is sensitive but impregnable.

The love that "bears all things" bears disappointments. It endures to the end. Even Christ's death was a demonstration of love which cannot be killed by disappointment. If disappointment had triumphed, doubtless He would have had to take another path. But that path would not have led to a redeeming cross and so become a way of life and victory.

Life in its triumph over disappointment proved itself deeper than sin.

Calvary was men's rejection of the Christ and Christ's refusal to reject the world that sent Him there. Men still reject all that Calvary stands for. This is surely man's greatest sin and God's greatest disappointment. The rejection of His call to some specific duty and our failure to respond to the urge to praise and pray all add to the sum of God's disappointments.

If we have any divine enthusiasm for the cause of Christ, if we possess any true earnestness for the work with which He has entrusted us, we shall by His grace make our devotion, loyalty and obedience to His will so perfect that it will be our constant aim to occasion Him no further disappointment

by our shallowness or disobedience.

Though the gloom of so much disappointment hung like a depressing mist around the Cross, love still prevailed. The symbol of shame and disgrace and apparent defeat shone through the gloom and transformed the world with light divine. The Cross, an instrument used by those who disappointed Him for the purpose of eliminating Him from history, Jesus took in love and made the door of His entrance into the hearts of all who are prepared to receive Him as Saviour.

None of us can claim never to have disappointed Him, but all of us may believe that when He forgives our sins He forgives also those things in us that cause His disappointment. As we stand by the cross or gaze into the empty tomb, let each of us ask, "What is my relationship with Him now? Does my life, in word, thought and action, meet with His approval? Or am I a disappointment to Him?"

"Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that *which is well pleasing in His sight*, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen." —HEBREWS 13:20



PILATE'S SYMBOLIC GESTURE

ANATOLE FRANCE, that devastating and over-estimated French cynic, pictures a scene in the later life of Pilate. When some one asks him a question on his memorable trial of Jesus, to his surprise, the Roman Governor says that he cannot remember any incident of the day of the Cross. That seems strange, for every picture drawn by the tragic pen of the Gospel writers gives quite the opposite impression.

Pilate would have given much to be able to forget the moment when he washed his hands and said: "I am free of the blood of this Person." However, it is true of human nature—the mind of man is such an unpredictable thing that it is possible for him to look at fate itself, unmoved.

There are certain glimpses of a change in the attitude of the multitude as the hours of the Passion rolled on. Some went away be-

HANDS

AVILLAGE street in Nazareth,
A shop with widely open door,
A Man who worked with lathe and
bench,
Shavings and sawdust on the floor.

Two hands that knew all tenderness,
Holding the world in mystic sway,
Two hands that bore a wooden
Cross—
And blessed upon the Calvary
Way.

God, grant that we of work-a-day
Grumbling at the things we do,
May see when life grows trouble-
some,
The village shop—Your hands—
and You!

— Mary Moore

PAGE TEN

Jesus, a Man above Men

wildered. They knew that they had seen something; the voice of Calvary had brought its lesson to their hearts. Those who remained until the end learned something which we may learn, too.

It must have occurred to those who knew Him best, as it has to all men since, that He was a Man above men. Here was the perfect Man, in Him all virtues combined and blended. He was strong and gentle, pure and genial, pious and practical. And as in spirit we join with the multitude under a Syrian sky, although the time is 2,000 years ago, we feel that this Man belonged, not to one age, but to all time. He is of all the ancients the most modern. Other teachers have had their day, but not Jesus. He is above men in that He belongs not to one tribe or nation, but to the human race. This Man on His Cross speaks to every one in the

language in which he was born. He is the timeless Man, age cannot wither Him.

Finally, the Saviour whom we watch on His Cross is the Man for men. It seems that the whole purpose and significance of His life is revealed. We are carried back thirty-three years to the scene of the angels over the fields of Bethlehem—"Peace on earth, good-will to men." We see the bronzed figure of the Baptist, standing waist deep in Jordan, pointing to his young kinsmen on the bank and crying: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." The significance of that thirty-three years' ministry comes to our eyes and the thought comes to us: here is one who was not only a Man among men and a Man above men, but He is a Man FOR men. He is the Saviour. He is for me.—R. J. R.

No Doubt Whatever

WE must have assurance of the physical resurrection of the One who died upon Calvary's Cross for us.

From whence shall this assurance come?

In the first place from the Father, who "hath given assurance unto all men, in that He hath raised Him from the dead" (Acts 17:31).

In the next place from the Son Himself who says: "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, amen" (Revelation 1:18).

Then the presence of the Holy Spirit is positive proof of the Saviour's resurrection and ascension, for the Lord said: "If I go not away, the Comforter will not come to you" (John 16:7, Acts 2:31-33).

Then we have the testimony of angels at the empty tomb: they said: "He is not here but is risen" (Luke 24:6).

In addition to this we have the testimony of the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John—also that of Peter (Acts 2), and Paul (1 Corinthians 15).

On the strength of such unimpeachable testimony we trium-

phantly cry: "Christ is risen indeed!"

Mrs. Augsbury concludes her "Resurrection Morn" poem saying:

"With fear and great joy they as-
sembled
On that first glad Easter Day
To rejoice in a risen Saviour;
All their gloom had fled away—
For lo! in their midst was Jesus—
And ever since that day,
We rejoice in a risen Saviour,
For behold! 'He lives alway!'"

The Cross

WHAT the Cross of Christ means to three classes of people in 1 Cor. 1: 17, 18.

1. To the Worldly Wise—"No Effect."
2. To the Perishing—"Foolishness."
3. To the Saved—"The Power of God."

THE WAR CRY

A Mountain-Top Experience

MOST Salvation Army bandsmen are exceptionally busy on Easter Sunday. The band at my "home corps" (Vancouver) had a day of much activity lined up. There was the morning sunrise service, a visit to two hospitals to play the favourite Easter tunes to the patients, the early breakfast at the hall—all this before our regular Sunday programme began! That sunrise service stands out in my mind as one of the happiest spiritual experiences stored away in my memory.

At an hour somewhat earlier than our accustomed Sunday rising time we were aroused from our slumbers, hurriedly dressed and journeyed to the hall to prepare to leave for our first event of the day.

"Everyone here?" the cry pene-

BY CAPTAIN ELMER PAVEY, East Windsor, Ontario

trated our sleepy minds. "Then let's go!"

That morning a trip awaited us. The band had been invited to participate in the sunrise service at a neighbouring corps, which was located at some distance. Vancouver itself is separated from its northern suburb by an arm of the sea known as Burrard Inlet. Our destination was North Vancouver that morning, and we had to cross this inlet in order to reach the appointed spot for our service.

Many times before—without being unduly impressed—we had travelled up the steep hill that led to the mountains behind Vancouver. But that Easter morning as we climbed higher and higher, I realized that this was no ordinary pleasure hike; this was not a frolicking group in pursuit of recreation and entertainment. Each one of us seemed to sense that here was an experience that we would cherish as long as we lived. We were going to enjoy the special privilege of celebrating the resurrection of Christ.

It did not take us long to assemble on the lovely plateau-like park—a group of bandsmen, soldiers, and friends.

What a breath-taking view lay before us! In the background were

the majestic mountains that seemed to speak of the grandeur of God. We felt insignificant beside them. The words of the Psalmist aptly expressed our sentiments: "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the Son of Man that Thou visitest him?" In the foreground were the sparkling waters, green islands and gliding boats.

Who were we that it was possible for us to turn our thoughts toward the great God and ask His blessing upon our humble lives? But in spite of our own unworthiness, God was already speaking to us. From the commencement of our service, He

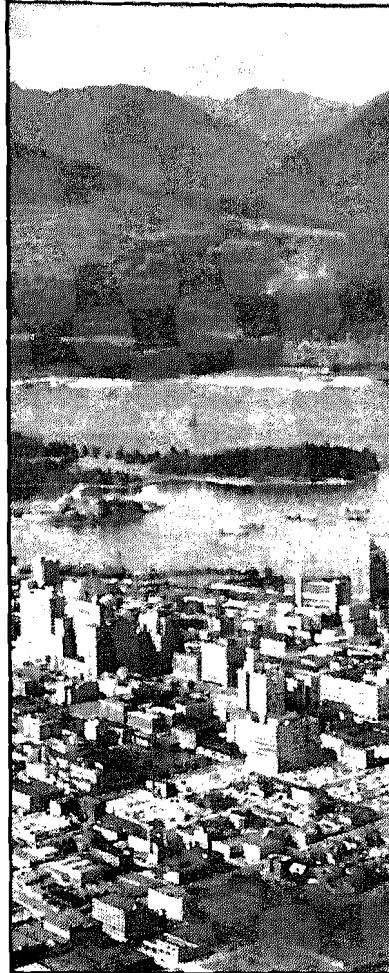
drew near to us, placing His benediction upon our searching hearts.

All around us He was present, and we could not help but exclaim from the depths of our hearts, "Thank you Lord for nature!" We observed the simple things seen every day in a new light. The trees spreading great arms outward, seemingly, in their adoration of God; the flowers turning their faces heavenward in an effort to pay homage to a benevolent Creator; the birds would not be restrained as they warbled their symphony of praise. The band and the singers joined together in an effort to express their feelings by rendering the triumphant strain, "Christ the Lord, is risen today!"

The moment was a precious one. We had been able to capture something of what it must have been like on that first Easter morning when Mary Magdalene was alone in the garden, and the Saviour appeared to her. She wiped away the tears and ran excitedly to tell the other disciples the astounding news.

We, too, had been observing the final episodes in the life of One who had given Himself even to death for us. But now, as we sang the majestic melody,

"Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?"



we also had cause for happiness.

I looked down the mountainside. When we had ascended, the enveloping mists had obliterated the scene, but now we could see the lovely green trees along the inlet, the huge Lion's Gate Bridge linking the north and south shores of the inlet; we could see the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean and the white-caps glistening in the sunlight. Because the heat had dried up those gloomy, damp mists, we observed a marvellous transformation.

As we left this sanctuary to travel back to the city, the sun continued to radiate warmth to our inmost beings, and we realized that we had been standing spiritually on a high plane. "Christ the Lord is risen today!" It was as though we had relived an old story in a modern setting, and that God had stooped to earth once again. In our modern civilization, we realized that Jesus Christ had conquered death and the grave! He had spoken to our hearts that morning! Such rare experiences as these leave an indelible mark upon one's character.

"Go and Tell—!"



MOST of the people living at present seem to be news-conscious. Quite often during the day we turn on the radio or television, or watch for the boy with the newspaper in order that we may find out what is taking place in the world; what men in places of position or power are thinking and planning. Many men and women spend their time in gathering news, and the different news agencies vie with each other to be first in telling it; all want to be up-to-date in their knowledge of people and events.

But the most important news of all time was not told by radio, or television, or newspaper. It was

told in a quiet garden in the early morning hours of a wonderful day. It was told by an angel to a woman—a person who had been a sinner, a great sinner, but one who had repented of her sin and had met with Jesus. He, in His wonderful love and compassion had forgiven her and cleansed her, cast out the devils which had caused her to sin, and made her clean and beautiful again. Because she was "much forgiven, she loved much."

When Jesus was taken away to be crucified she was not far from the cross; when His body was taken and buried in the tomb, she was not far away from the tomb.

In the early morning after the Sabbath Day, she had come to embalm the body of her Lord and Saviour with sweet spices, only to find that His body was not there,

BY ALICE GILLARD,
Toronto

and she was met with an astonishing question, asked by an angel, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, He is risen!"

She didn't understand. Weeping, wondering, and disappointed, she stood until Jesus Himself came and spoke her name.

After revealing the truth of His glorious resurrection to her, He said "Go and tell. Tell My disciples—and Peter". So she went and told and, after the disciples, too, had seen Him, they went and told others, and the others told still others, until the glad news travelled around the world and down through the ages, "Christ the Lord is risen indeed!"

The story is still being told. It is being told by men and women who were once dead in trespasses and sin, and are raised to newness of life through the power of a Risen Saviour. It is being told by men and women who, in a world of sin and temptation, are enabled to live pure and spotless lives by the power of a living Lord. It is being told by men and women who suffer pain, sorrow, disappointment, heartache and bereavement, and are able to live above it through the power of a conquering Lord. It is being told by men and women who live in the full assurance of faith that, because He lives, they will live also; "they will see Him as He is" and will be like Him at last.

Are you among that number? Is Christ a living reality to you? If not, He is willing to reveal Himself to you, to speak your name; then He will commission you, too, to "Go and tell!"

The Author of Life

BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY, COLONEL C. D. WISEMAN

CREATION is a miracle. Scientists thrust the beginning aeons back to a far distant dawn. They spell out the mystery of creation in terms of a multitude of processes which are guesses that hide ignorance.

The Bible reaches beyond these hypotheses to a simple, sublime truth that neither science nor logic can deny: "In the beginning God created . . ."

But that original creation is neither as mighty nor as mysterious as the creation of life from death. The creation of something from "no-

thing" is beyond our imagination; but creation of life from death seems to defy reason itself. Yet it is a truth—Christ rose from the dead; because He lives we shall live also!

Paul caught something of this sublime stratagem of divinity, designed to destroy the power of death, when he wrote of Christ as Creator and Redeemer in the first chapter of Colossians (Phillips' trs.)

"Life from nothing began through Him, and life from the dead began through Him, and He is, therefore, justly called the Lord of all."

So whether it be the creation of universes that occupy unfathomable

space, or the creation of eternal life in a person who is justly condemned to death because of evil ways, the Author of all is Christ who is "the visible expression of the invisible God."

Thus in Christ are bound together the Creation, and the Cross whereon God died for the salvation of the world, and the conversion from death to life through faith in that sacrifice of the striving, sin-sick soul.

This is the meaning of Good Friday and Easter Sunday—and the meaning is for YOU!



"Lest We Forget Gethsemane"

derstanding could comprehend its mystery.

Is it possible to understand fully the Gethsemane experience, the bitter anguish, the strong spiritual storm, the soul "exceedingly sorrowful?" That time spent in the Garden was probably the most painful and pitiful of all. The intensity of the struggle was even more trying than the pain of the cross itself.

We have read of martyrs being burned at the stake, yet being joyful, and giving expression to songs of joy. But Jesus dreaded the cross; His soul drew back in horror, for it was something more than the giving of His life; it was the terrible price He had to pay for the sin of the world.

We cannot understand the awful mystery of Gethsemane's garden, but this we do know and appreciate: His perfect prayer, His cry of acceptance "If it be possible, let this cup pass away from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou

GEETHSEMANE . . . a garden . . . a place of prayer . . . a hallowed place, held forever sacred in the hearts of Christians everywhere, and surely the thought-centre of the world on Good Friday.

Meditating upon the holy, yet harrowing experience through which our Master passed, we feel the words echoing in our hearts again and again, "Lest we forget Gethsemane" . . . "Lest we forget Gethsemane".

Can we forget Gethsemane? Dare we forget Gethsemane?

Matthew sets the theme for our thinking in his simple words: "Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane and saith unto His disciples "Sit ye here while I go yonder, and pray."

These men had enjoyed wonderful fellowship with the Master, and this night had been no exception. Now a few of them had walked to this place called Gethsemane. Did they realize or recognize the significance of this particular visit? No doubt Jesus had often resorted to this quiet spot for private prayer but, on this occasion, it was different; for this was no ordinary visit. The gathering events were already beginning to press down upon His spirit. The cross was becoming more real, and closer. The Son had to meet the Father; the time had come for Him to deal with this matter of such overwhelming significance that no human un-

wilt". What a wonderful prayer! Should we not all exclaim "May some of His Spirit fall on us?"

What do we learn from this experience in the Garden? We realize the utter selflessness of Jesus—His unquestionable devotion to duty—in spite of overwhelming obstacles, His deep desire to please His Father in spite of circumstances; His decision and determination to suffer the utmost in order to bring to fruition His Father's will.

Everything was won and decided in Gethsemane's Garden. What a powerful lesson He portrays to us at this place of prayer! Life can only be faced and fully accepted at the sanctuary of prayer; only there are battles won.

Often our Gethsemans are but guideposts to God's perfect will for us. Ella Wilcox, in a few words, expresses the thought beautifully:

"All those who journey, soon or late,
Must pass within the garden gate,
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who cannot say,
"Not mine, but Thine" who only pray
"Let this cup pass," and cannot see
The purpose in Gethsemane."

This is my Easter wish and prayer for all my readers—that the God of peace will make you perfect; that the great lessons of the crucifixion and the resurrection will so touch your hearts and minds that you will be able to say, with the poet,

"In my soul an Easter morning,
I am Christ's and Christ is mine!"

Christ Is All

"My God shall supply all your needs."—
Phil. 4:19.

He is Light—"I am the Light of the World."

He is Bread—"I am the Bread of Life."

He is Water—"Whosoever drinketh . . . shall never thirst."

He is the Way—"I am the Way . . ."

He is the Saviour—"He is able to save them to the uttermost."

He is Physician—"I am the Lord that healeth thee."

He is Power—"All power is given unto Me in Heaven and in earth."

He is Friend—"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

He is Host—"Thou preparest a table before me."

He is Guest—"I will come in . . . and will sup with him."

He is Guide—"He will guide you into all truth."

He is High Priest—"The Spirit itself maketh intercession for us."

He is the Resurrection—"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

He is Life Companion—"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end."



MYTH OR

Did Christ Really Rise?



BY

CADET

WILLIAM S.

CLARK,

Toronto, Ont.



But now is Christ risen from the dead . . . (1 Corinthians 15:20.)

DID it really happen? Did Christ in a literal, physical sense, rise from the dead? Many have affirmed, and do still affirm, that the resurrection of Christ is to be understood as spiritual in essence. They state that Jesus lives on even as other great men of the past live on—in the memories of those who have caught something of His Spirit. Because His was the greatest life ever lived, they say, the influence of those thirty-three glorious years exceeds in magnitude the influence of any others of the great of earth.

This popular "modern gospel" is neither modern nor is it in any sense the Gospel. It is certainly not that of which Paul spoke when he declared in Romans 1, 16, "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

There was nothing of myth about the Gospel which transformed Paul's life and which he subsequently preached. It was all miracle—and the hub of the miracle was the resurrection of Christ from the dead.

Whenever Paul detected a tendency to reduce the Gospel to human terms, to confine it to natural laws, he entered into a vigorous defence of its supernatural character, insisting that it must be accepted by faith for what it proclaimed itself to be.

"Now, if Christ be preached that He rose from the dead," he challenges the Corinthians "how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead?"

He then proceeds to demonstrate that failing to accept the truth of the bodily resurrection of Christ robs the Gospel of its power and purpose.

"If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain . . ." Jesus Himself preached His resurrection on

the first Easter morning. He preached it to Mary Magdalene; later in the day to two disciples walking down a country road; on the same day to those gathered in the upper room and, a week later, with dramatic emphasis, to Doubting Thomas, who doubted no more. The response which that realization evoked is echoed in the hearts of men today—"My Lord and my God!"

Peter preached the same message on the Day of Pentecost. In his hour of martyrdom Stephen beheld the risen Lord and preached, in his last moments of mortal life, the doctrine of the resurrection. "Behold, I see Heaven opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God." It was the same risen Redeemer who had appeared to Paul on the Damascus road, and was the theme of his message everywhere he went. Without this, Paul insisted, our preaching is vain. Christianity becomes just another philosophy, with no promise of power here, and no hope of Heaven hereafter.

"And if Christ be not risen . . . your faith is also vain." Can there be a clearer illustration of this than that found in the story of how Jesus had received news of the illness of His friend Lazarus, but had delayed His coming until Lazarus had died. "Lord, if Thou hadst been here my brother had not died," lamented Martha. Soon after Mary was to utter these same words, her voice filled with tragic sorrow. What was the answer of Jesus to this doleful lament? "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

It was not enough that He should make this remarkable statement in their hearing. They must subscribe to it. Thus He questioned—"Believest thou this?" Because they believed it they received the fruit of their faith—their brother restored to them from among the dead.

MIRACLE?

Hear Paul as he reasons it out. If Christ did not really rise from the dead, then the thing which you have been asked to believe did not happen, and the faith which you and all other Christians have placed in this cardinal fact of the Gospel is a vain faith. The whole thing is an empty shell.

"We are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that He raised up Christ, whom He raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not." So Paul pursues the matter further in his letter to the Corinthians. "Thou shalt not bear false witness," was the stern commandment of God given to Moses. The resurrection of Christ was established by many witnesses. If it did not happen, then they were all liars, cheats and frauds. It was as simple as that.

Paul says Christ was seen of Peter, of the twelve, of more than five hundred brethren at once, of James, of John and of Paul himself. These people saw Him. They knew that He was not a disembodied spirit. He went out of his way to prove that this was not the case. It has been said that the resurrection of Jesus Christ is one of the best-established facts of history.

The Value of Witness

If you discount its possibility, you discount the honour and integrity of all of those who attested to its truth. Many an innocent man has been sent to his death or to prison on the testimony of far fewer than five hundred witnesses.

Without the resurrection there is nothing in the Christian Gospel which holds out the promise of deliverance from sin. Paul states: "The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." These are the two alternatives open to every human being: either live in sin and earn the wages of sin, death—or trust in Christ and be delivered from sin, receiving the gift of God—eternal life. It is inconceivable that the Author of eternal life should Himself be dead. "I am the Good Shepherd; the Good Shepherd

giveth His life for the sheep. Therefore doth the Father love Me, because I lay down My life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again."

After His resurrection, His first thought was to assure His followers that, though they had forsaken Him and fled, He was still concerned with them and with all mankind. He still offered Himself as their Saviour. They could still come to God through Him. To Mary, just outside the tomb, He said, "Go to My brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto My Father and your Father; and to My God and your God."

Eternal Comfort

How often have we stood by the graveside and heard the words of Jesus—"Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in Me . . . I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am there ye may be also."

These, and other similar precious promises from God's Word have sustained the faithful down through the centuries in their hour of death.

If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. Man was made for God. Even in lands of heathen darkness there is, within the deep recesses of the most benighted soul, that which causes him to look toward the infinite. He may worship a tree, the heavenly bodies, the spirits of his ancestors, the chief of his clan, but he will worship something. His soul will seek a symbol of that which lies outside of himself. He will mutilate his body, sacrifice his children, obey the whims of witch doctors in an attempt to achieve divine favour.

To such souls, and to the seekers after truth in our own lands, we proclaim—"We have found God!" Jesus Christ made Him known to us! Not only so, but He waits to make God known to you. When Jesus returned to Heaven He ful-



filled His promise concerning the Holy Spirit. If you will come to God through Christ, you can know the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit of God, indwelling and infilling you, sustaining and satisfying your soul. Here are Christ's very words; "If ye love Me, keep My commandments. And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another comforter, that He may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of Truth—I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you."

It is not a myth. It is a miracle! He is risen! "Now is Christ risen from the dead!" The blessed knowledge encourages Paul to make a further bold identification with the risen Christ. It is an identification which every person who aspires to be a fully consecrated Christian can make, must make, along with the Apostle to the Gentiles. "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me."

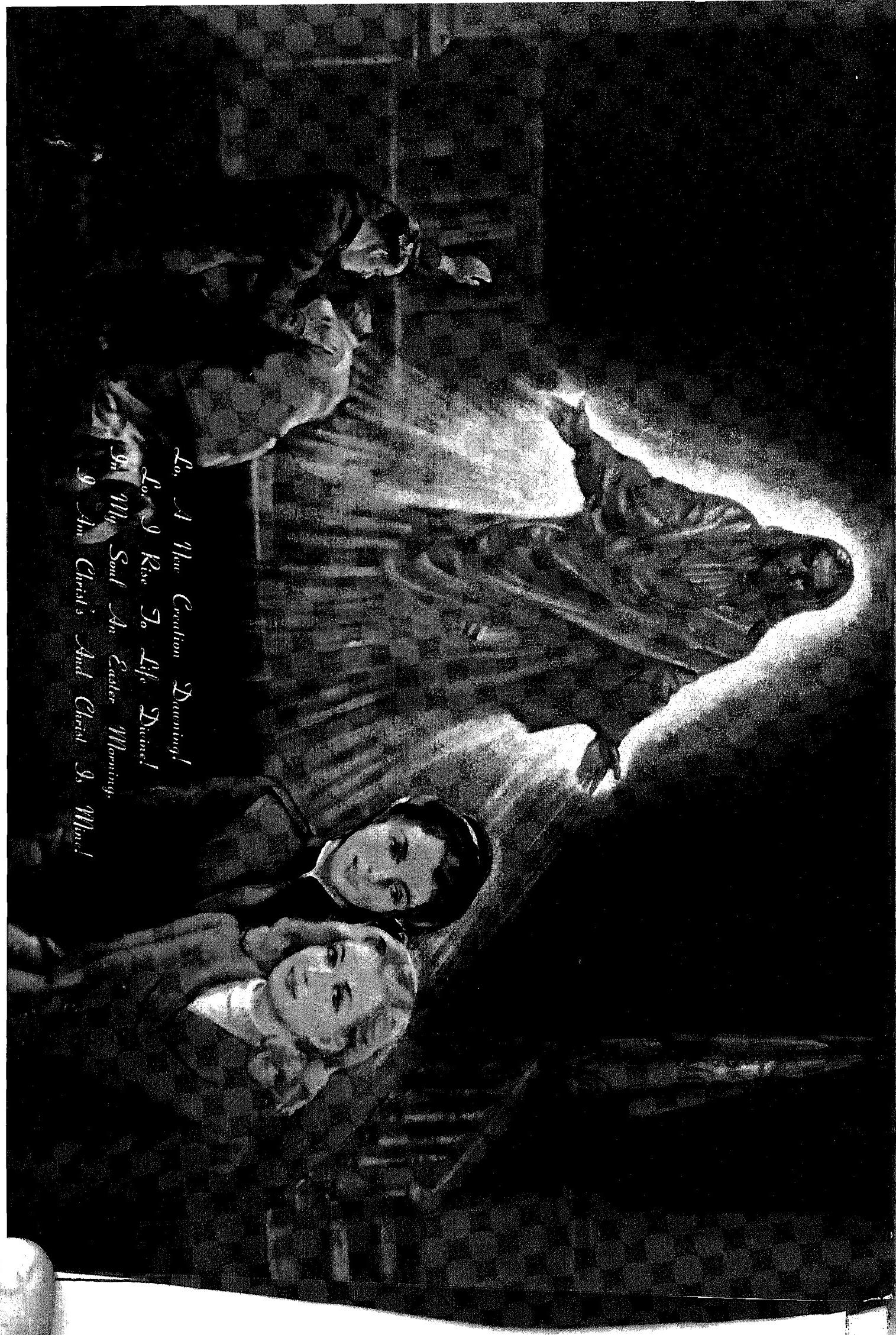
AN EASTER SALUTATION

OUR LORD'S disciples had suffered a bitter disappointment. Jesus of Nazareth was dead, but there was a strange rumour abroad to the contrary, so the disciples called a meeting to discuss the matter.

One of them declared, "The Lord is risen, indeed, and hath appeared to Simon."

While they were telling the glad news that seemed too good to be true, Jesus Himself stood in the midst of them and said: "Peace be unto you!"

Thus The Salvation Army salutes the world today. Our objective is peace—the peace that keeps the heart and mind good and sweet.



Lo! A New Creation Dawning!
Lo! I Rise To Life Divine!
In My Soul An Easter Morning,
O Man Christ Is Risen!